

[Seal it With a Kiss](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)

Genre: Canon-Compliant, First Time, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Morning Sex, Oral Sex, PWP, Yuuri is on top, and Yuuri has a little bit of a praise kink

Language: English

Characters: Katsuki Yuuri, Victor Nikiforov

Relationships: Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-11-27

Updated: 2016-11-27

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:28:44

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,401

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Yuuri and Viktor go back to the hotel after Yuuri medals in China, and celebrate on into the next morning. Featuring confessions, the second kiss and a dozen after, and Yuuri generally not knowing what to do with himself.

Seal it With a Kiss

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

What no I didn't name this fic after the song lyric I heard while I got to the part where I put the title. I would never do that. I think about titles. I think deeply.

LISTEN I JUST WANTED THEM TO HAVE SEX 3 TIMES.

The city lights drifted by slowly as their taxi rolled through the busy traffic pouring out of the stadium. Yuuri still had his fingers clenched around his medal, the silver growing warm under his palm, still hot with giddy energy. *He won*. And not only did he medal, he was *kissed*. By Viktor.

He stole a glance at his coach while Viktor stared out the window of the taxi, his long legs crossed and not fitting very well in the tiny backseat, his chin propped up on his hand, fingers absently resting across his lips. His lips, which Yuuri had *kissed*. He was practically exploding with energy, overcome with the urge to reach across the empty middle seat and hug Viktor again, to pull him into his arms and... and...

Make out in the back of a taxi, or something, his brain supplied.

Viktor reached across the middle seat and laid his palm over Yuuri's hand, and something loosened in Yuuri's chest. He turned his hand palm-side-up so he could fit his fingers between Viktor's, and when he glanced down, he thought about how pale his fingers looked in comparison to Viktor's black gloves.

Yuuri looked at the taxi driver, wondering if he noticed (or cared) what was happening in the backseat. And honestly, he looked so focused on traffic, he wouldn't even catch on if Yuuri climbed into Viktor's lap. He leaned over to nudge his temple against Viktor's instead. "How long do you think it's going

to take for us to get back?" he asked. The hotel wasn't far from the stadium, but the highways were clogged.

"I don't know," Viktor said, turning his head to speak directly into Yuuri's ear. "But I'm going to kiss you again when we get back."

"I hope you'll do more than kiss me."

Viktor was close enough that Yuuri could hear his sharp intake of breath. He said something in Russian, which sounded like an oath, then kissed the shell of Yuuri's ear and withdrew.

Yuuri checked his phone over and over during the rest of the ride, disappointed each time at how few minutes had passed. There was nothing he could distract himself with, because nothing was stronger than the feeling of *want* streaming from his and Viktor's clasped hands.

When the taxi pulled to a stop in front of their hotel, Yuuri scrambled out of it so fast, he nearly forgot to thank the driver, and had to stick his head back in the door to shout a quick, "thank you, goodnight!" before chasing after Viktor, who was a few steps closer to the door. Yuuri fumbled next to him for a brief moment, but Viktor threw an arm around his shoulders without hesitation, and pulled the door open to usher the both of them into the warm, bright lobby.

Neither of them spoke until the elevator doors opened, and they stepped inside. As the doors rolled shut behind them, Viktor wrapped Yuuri in a hug and cheered aloud. "Yuuri! You were amazing! I'm so happy—we should throw a party, or—"

"No, no, I just want to be with you," Yuuri replied, putting his arms around Viktor's waist under his jacket, smiling when Viktor leaned down to peck him on the lips.

"Fantastic," Viktor said, "gorgeous. Beautiful. Incredible." He kissed Yuuri between each compliment, until the elevator bell interrupted him halfway through "marvelous." Yuuri's laughter was mostly breath, and he walked

closer to Viktor than was necessary as they found their way to their attached rooms. Yuuri found himself hoping they'd only use one.

If this was a romantic drama, Yuuri would have kissed Viktor as soon as they closed the door, would have pinned him to the door and seduced him, but instead, it was real life, where Viktor hung his jacket up in the closet, and Yuuri reverently laid his medal on the vanity table. And in real life, he really should have taken a shower before going to bed, but Viktor held his arms out and Yuuri just had to test out the way he *knew* his chin would fit perfectly into the curve of Viktor's shoulder. He was right, and Viktor's cologne smelled extra-nice tonight.

"Thank you for staying by my side," Yuuri said.

"You know I won't go back to Russia, right?" Viktor was tense for just a moment.

"I know." Yuuri lifted his head from Viktor's shoulder so he could look him in the eyes. "Besides, you couldn't leave your boyfriend like that, could you?"

"Boyfriend?"

"Yes!" There was a resolution in his voice that dared Viktor to challenge him, because Yuuri didn't just kiss guys who weren't his boyfriend, after all. And because it had made Viktor turn so pink, it had to be true.

"I like that," Viktor said, leaning his forehead against Yuuri's. "Kiss me?"

Yuuri laid a hand on the back of Viktor's neck, his fingers barely brushing Viktor's short hair. He remembered the day he first found out Viktor cut his hair—he'd been devastated. Viktor still looked handsome, though, even more so when he was waiting patiently for Yuuri to kiss him. Yuuri pressed his lips over Viktor's bottom one, pushing harder against him until—oops, teeth—he pulled back.

"I'm not very good at this yet," Yuuri said, the words bubbling out around nervous laughter.

“Practice makes perfect,” Viktor said, something he’d never apply to the realm of skating, because no amount of practice made a perfect figure skater, but it was a wonderful excuse for him to hold Yuuri around the waist and kiss him again, head tilted, full of enough passion to make Yuuri cling to him, both arms around his shoulders. It was a good, long one this time, and Viktor knew a lot more than Yuuri did about all the things he could do with his tongue.

Yuuri was struck with a sudden urge never to let go, to push back and make Viktor feel the same fluttery warmth he did. And so he threaded his fingers in Viktor’s hair and pulled until Viktor was facing upward, as if gravity would help Yuuri pour himself into Viktor.

“I don’t think you’ll be needing much practice,” Viktor said, his warm palms sliding down Yuuri’s sides until he held Yuuri’s hips, pulling him close and kissing the corner of his mouth. “Bed?”

“I... um...” Yuuri shot a dubious glance over Viktor’s shoulder at the bed, and Viktor gave him a strange look, the one where he was trying to understand what Yuuri’s lack of eloquence actually meant. Yuuri, choosing actions over words, took Viktor’s hands in his and pulled him toward the couch—loveseat, really, by the window.

That was how Yuuri ended up sitting with his back against the arm of the couch, Viktor straddling his lap, head tipped back, learning the best way Viktor taught—by experience—how to kiss properly.

It wasn’t that Yuuri had never kissed anyone before, and it wasn’t even that he’d never had long, lingering kisses before. He’d just never kissed someone quite so skilled as Viktor, who put everything Yuuri’s teenage years had seen to shame. Everything about him was effortlessly sexy, from the noises he made, to the way he sucked on Yuuri’s lower lip, to the firm shift of his hips against Yuuri’s.

“Can I?” Viktor asked, rearranging their limbs so his leg was between Yuuri’s. He didn’t press forward until Yuuri carefully removed his glasses, put his hands on Viktor’s biceps, and said, very quietly, yes.

He couldn't help the way his breath all rushed in and then out so suddenly when Viktor pushed against him, and he couldn't help the way his hands tightened on Viktor's arms.

"Oh," Viktor breathed, the word tickling Yuuri's temples. "You're hard." He said it like he was *surprised* that Yuuri, who hadn't been with anyone in literal years, was aroused by the most beautiful man in figure skating—the most beautiful man in the *world*—between his legs.

"Yeah," Yuuri said, pulling Viktor closer to him, kissing him again trying hard to turn both their lips red with the pressure. Viktor's smooth movements somehow coordinated with Yuuri's jerky, uncoordinated ones, and he didn't feel awkward or out of place with Viktor's body over his, or with Viktor grinding against him.

Things were probably less awkward because Viktor was just as hard as Yuuri, just as desperate to touch him. Yuuri slid his hands up Viktor's back under his shirt and it curved concave under his fingertips. Things got to a point—and Yuuri felt like that point came very quickly—when Viktor's leg in between his was too much and not enough at the same time. Nothing made sense anymore, except perhaps for the way Viktor's hands were gentle on his chest.

Yuuri stopped feeling up the muscles of Viktor's back so he could take Viktor's wrists in his hands. When he pulled them down, over his belly and further, Viktor breathed heavy into the space between his neck and jaw. It should have been gross, someone panting against him like that, but when Viktor touched Yuuri through his sweatpants, it was suddenly erotic.

"You like this?" Viktor asked, but it didn't really need asking, because Yuuri was making little, half-swallowed moans every time Viktor moved his hand.

"Yeah."

Viktor blew out another stream of Russian, into Yuuri's collarbone this time. "Do you even understand how sexy you are?" he asked, which just

made Yuuri blush all the way past the place Viktor's chin was resting on his chest.

Viktor sat back, and brought Yuuri with him, tugging at his thighs so Yuuri was on top, straddling Viktor's lap, the tent in his sweatpants pressing lewdly against Viktor's crotch. Viktor was lucky, Yuuri decided, because his slacks hid things at least a little bit.

Viktor groped him again, cupping Yuuri's cock through his pants, holding his hand almost completely still when Yuuri reflexively thrust against the touch. "You look beautiful like this," Viktor said, one hand on Yuuri's hip, urging him to roll forward into Viktor's palm again. "I love knowing that this is all for me." He squeezed, just a little, and Yuuri's hips stuttered, snapping forward.

Everything else in the world spun off track; Yuuri was lost to the sensation of Viktor's hands on him, guiding him through the motions like they were *fucking*, and his breathing was loud until it filled up his ears, and sounded as much like background noise as the whirr of the heater. Viktor's soft words of encouragement might have been in English or Russian, but Yuuri couldn't understand them either way. Language was lost to him, just like anything else except for the tight spiral tugging at the center of his belly.

"Ah!" his own cry startled him back to the present, as did the fact that he was *coming*, without any provocation besides Viktor's hand on him, and oh *god*, as soon as the rush of orgasm wore off, he was gripped with embarrassment. "Did I just...? I can't believe... Already? Am I a teenager?" he babbled to himself, all of it in Japanese, and it wasn't until Viktor sat up under him and gently brushed his hands along Yuuri's cheekbones that Yuuri remembered to speak a language the both of them could understand. "I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"I came too fast, I—you didn't even—"

Viktor waved him off and shrugged. "It's fine, I'm fine. I'm patient," he said, "you should go take a shower. You wanted to get one tonight, right?"

“But you...” Yuuri trailed off. Viktor wasn’t, well, *satisfied* yet, if the bulge Yuuri was still straddling was any indication, but he just kissed Yuuri’s nose and his cheek.

“Go on,” he said, “clean yourself up, then I’ll show you something else, okay?”

Yuuri was reluctant to leave Viktor, but he was even more reluctant to stay in his—eugh, *sticky*—clothes.

He cranked the showerhead to the side, so he could lean against the wall under the spray, staring absently at the patterned glass on the shower door. He wondered what Viktor was doing out there, and for a moment, had a wild fantasy of Viktor, naked on their hotel bed, his hand trailing down his chest to his...

Dear god, Yuuri.

The fantasy wasn't hard to imagine, though, considering Viktor was a bit of a nudist. Yuuri had spent the better part of his teenage years trying hard *not* to imagine Viktor naked underneath him (or on top of him, or beside him, or anywhere in his general vicinity), so it was equal parts routine and impossible to push it out of his mind.

Yuuri distracted himself with scrubbing shampoo through his hair, and with determining which fancy body wash was Viktor's, and which was the hotel's. He ended up using the one he thought belonged to Viktor. At the very least, it smelled a little like how Viktor always did, fresh and a little spicy.

Before his thoughts descended once again into the gutter, Yuuri shut the shower off, stepping out into a steam-filled bathroom. He couldn't see himself in the mirror (and that would've been true whether or not it was fogged over, because his glasses were still on the side table), so he had no chance to get self-conscious. Instead, he threw a towel over his shoulders and patted some of the water out of his hair, then scraped his hair out of his face. It probably looked the same as when he had it slicked back to skate, except that this time, it was just water, not hair gel.

He dropped the towel to his waist, modesty still not completely thrown out the window, and paused at the bathroom door to collect himself before opening it. Even though all of him passionately wanted to throw the door open and run straight at Viktor, he restricted himself to a giddy grin as he walked into the bedroom.

Viktor was watching him already, like he'd looked up, unashamed, as soon as Yuuri opened the door. He was lying on the bed, wearing a fluffy gray bathrobe that had been hanging in the hotel closet.

"Better?" Viktor asked. There was a book on the pillows in front of him, and Yuuri didn't have to squint to know it was in Russian, like all the novels Viktor read.

"Yeah," Yuuri said, settling himself just on the edge of the bed, "are you showering tonight?"

"No," Viktor said, "I don't think I'll have time for that. I'll be busy." He dog-eared his page in the book and closed it, sitting up and setting the novel on the bedside table. Yuuri laughed and opened his arms, kissing Viktor eagerly as soon as he was in reach.

"And what will you be busy with?" Yuuri teased.

"Well, my boyfriend just medaled in Nationals," Viktor explained, as if to a stranger, his tone joking all the while, "and I just *have* to reward him for a job well-done."

"What kind of a reward?"

Viktor sucked on his neck hard enough to make Yuuri squeal and grab at him, fingers sinking into the plush terrycloth. He found the robe's belt and looped his fingers through it, not sure whether it was okay for him to take it off yet. Viktor seemed entirely occupied with making certain Yuuri would have to wear scarves for the next week. "God, Yuuri. Can I take this off?" Viktor asked, tugging at the end of Yuuri's towel.

"Yeah," Yuuri said, starting to wonder why he even wore it in the first place, "and can I...?"

Viktor undid the belt on the robe himself, after unwinding the towel from around Yuuri's hips. He was, unsurprisingly, naked underneath, and still hard, or maybe that was just because of the kissing. Viktor parted the robe, dragging it down his shoulders, sultry like a pin-up come to life. When he freed his arms from the robe, he grabbed Yuuri and pulled him until the two of them tumbled into a pile on the bed, and it was a miracle of nature when none of their limbs collided painfully with the other's squishy parts.

Yuuri held Viktor's slim waist with both hands, leaning over him to kiss him, a knee planted between Viktor's legs. He was almost nervous to touch Viktor at all, except for his palms (sweaty already) on Viktor's sides. Viktor, on the other hand, did not seem nervous at all, running his fingers over Yuuri's chest, back, and thighs. Yuuri could hear his own heartbeat rushing in his ears, and it spurred him to do nothing besides kiss Viktor harder. Viktor, strange as it may have seemed, kissed even better upside-down, pulling Yuuri's mouth to his, drinking him in and inching him closer gently, until Yuuri had his forearms resting on the mattress on either side of Viktor's head, kissing him deeply.

"Come here," Viktor mumbled, his lips against Yuuri's chin. He nudged Yuuri in the hip, trying to pull the two of them closer together in an imitation of the pose they'd been in on the couch.

"Are you—really? We're gonna—"

One of Viktor's perfect eyebrows rose. "I thought you wanted to."

"I do, I just. *Ha*." His laughter was high and louder than it needed to be, nervous and escaping his throat rather than his chest. "I can't believe this is happening. That you. And me." There were other thoughts running through his head, but he didn't know how to express them in English, but most of it could be summed up by an overwhelming incredulousness at the mere *idea* that Viktor could be naked in bed with him and about to make love to him. In what universe did things like that *happen*?

"I don't know why you're surprised," Viktor said. He urged Yuuri onto his back and started to kiss him, throat, collarbone, chest. Yuuri's hands rested on Viktor's shoulders, more to anchor himself to direct Viktor. "You're gorgeous, I've thought so since I first saw you. The way you move... who wouldn't want that in their bed?" The words tickled Yuuri's ribcage, both because Viktor was speaking against his skin and because his heart was hammering.

"You're beautiful, Yuuri," Viktor continued, sitting back. His hair hung around his face when he looked at Yuuri like that, and Yuuri reached up to tuck it behind one ear. Viktor smiled, his dimples showing. "Anyone can see that. But nobody except for me gets to see this." He skirted his fingers up Yuuri's thighs. "I'm the only one who gets to see you naked, aroused, *hot for me.*"

Yuuri agreed in Japanese, then English, then English again for good measure.

"Tell me what you like, Yuuri," Viktor said, and for a minute, he had no *clue* what he liked, because everything he'd done in the past couldn't compare to having Viktor willing to do whatever he wanted.

"I... Touch me."

Viktor pressed his hands more firmly against Yuuri's thighs. "I am," he said, and Yuuri rolled his eyes.

"You know what I meant!"

Viktor laughed and bowed his head to kiss Yuuri just below the navel. "I do. Would you like it if I used my mouth? I've been thinking about what you taste like." Viktor's voice was lower than usual, rough around the edges, and Yuuri's whole ribcage shuddered when he took a deep breath.

"Please," Yuuri said, "please, do it."

Viktor smiled, and Yuuri had to turned his head because if he didn't bury his face in the pillow, he would have seen Viktor's soft lips pressed to the

head of his cock. And that image would forever distract Yuuri from practice, tournaments, everyday conversations, and anything that *wasn't* Viktor's mouth on his body.

It was hot, perfect, *sinful*, and Yuuri whined, lifting his legs over Viktor's shoulders. He only glanced down once, hand shoved over his mouth, and Viktor's eyes were smoldering, catching his and making him want to do nothing besides shove himself forward, until his cock was down Viktor's throat. Keeping himself still was effortful. He tossed his head back and moaned into the hand he had shoved over his mouth.

Viktor did everything slowly, almost tentatively, like he was gauging Yuuri's reactions bit by bit in an effort to keep from spooking him. The thought was sweet, like Yuuri was some kind of virgin who needed gentled, but unnecessary.

"Viktor," he said, letting his hands rest on either side of his head. "Viktor, more."

He pulled off and kissed the head of Yuuri's cock, dirtier than the way he kissed Yuuri's lips. "Yuuri. Watch me," Viktor said, "don't look away." A mirror of Yuuri's words to him before skating his *Eros* routine, but what followed them moved past erotic and straight on to *dirty*.

Yuuri obeyed, propping himself up on his elbows so he could look down at Viktor, who opened his mouth, then his throat, around Yuuri's cock. His hair draped over Yuuri's thigh, his eyes, looking even more unnaturally blue than usual, flicked up to make absolutely sure Yuuri was watching him. Of course Yuuri was watching him—he couldn't look away.

He ran one hand through Viktor's hair, down his cheek, until his fingertips barely brushed Viktor's throat. He could feel Viktor's Adam's apple bob against his fingers and *god*, he could just barely feel it against his cock, too.

Without his hands covering his mouth, Yuuri was making all sorts of embarrassing noises he'd always tried to muffle when he'd been with anyone else. Viktor rewarded him for them, sucking harder and swallowing around his dick when he moaned, and pulling off only to go back down on

him fast and *hard* when Yuuri breathlessly called his name. He babbled nonsense that went from English to Japanese and back again, a lot of, “Viktor, so good—ikisou—yes, yes, yes.”

Viktor pulled off before he could come, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The act didn’t look indelicate on him. “You look amazing,” he said, breathless, his voice rasping more than usual. “Fuck, Yuuri, I. I need you.”

“You have me,” said Yuuri, sitting up to pull Viktor to him. He kissed the side of Viktor’s head as he wrapped his legs around Viktor’s hips and pulled him in by the back of his neck.

“Like this?” Viktor asked, rolling his hips so his cock slid against Yuuri’s and—

“Yes! Perfect, Viktor, it’s so good, I can’t—“ He grabbed Viktor’s shoulders too tight, leaving some marks of his own in the shape of his fingertips, and Viktor continued to move against him, thrusting like they were fucking. Yuuri hooked one ankle over the other, keeping Viktor close to him, kissing him hard enough to smush his nose against Viktor’s cheek.

Yuuri kissed Viktor’s neck, kissed the throat he’d felt around his cock minutes ago, nearly *screamed* when Viktor wrapped a hand around the both of them and started to thrust faster, moaning Yuuri’s name. “You feel so good, fuck, so *good*, Yuuri, feeling you against me like this—it’s gonna make me come,” Viktor said, and Yuuri’s chest constricted in a dry sob.

“I want you to come for me,” Yuuri said, and Viktor’s eyes rolled up for a second, like he had to look heavenward and thank someone for those words.

Yuuri wanted to get Viktor to talk dirty for him more, but all he got out of him was, “yes, yes, *fuck yes*,” and a loud moan that he would have thought was exaggerated if he wasn’t feeling exactly what Viktor was.

Viktor buried his face in Yuuri’s neck when he came, spilling hot over Yuuri’s belly, and it was too much. Yuuri kept Viktor close to him, one hand on his thigh and the other on the small of his back, rutting into Viktor’s hip

until the pressure and the fact that Viktor was murmuring, “that’s it, good boy, come for me, I want to see you, feel you,” in his ear made him spill into the space between them.

There was a silence between them that wasn’t much of a silence at all, heavy breaths and the wet smacks of kisses exchanged as both of them settled together on the bed. After a moment, Viktor reached for the towel Yuuri had been wearing to clean the both of them off, tossing it over his shoulder without regard as he snuggled closer to Yuuri.

“Mm,” he sighed, nuzzling into Yuuri’s shoulder. Yuuri smiled and petted Viktor’s side. “That was so good. You’re so sexy.”

“I love you,” Yuuri said, almost surprising himself with it, even though he’d all but told the world already.

Viktor looked up at him, ran his thumb along Yuuri’s jaw. “Oh, Yuuri, I love you, too,” he said, smiling wide, his dimple settling in like it would be there permanently. He drew Yuuri’s face to his with his thumb on Yuuri’s chin, forefinger curled under, and laid down more soft kisses all over his lips.

“We’re doing this again in the morning,” Yuuri declared, and then, in a moment of wildness, “and this time, I’m going to fuck you.”

“Yes please,” Viktor said, sotto voce. He crushed his lips to Yuuri’s, pulling their bodies flush again, kisses getting sloppier by the second.

“Want to do it again now?”

Viktor laughed, “as if we could! Or, well. You might be able to, but my stamina isn’t up to par.”

Yuuri pouted, then rolled on his side so his back was to Viktor. “Fine, I’ll wait if I have to,” he said, pulling Viktor’s arms around him so Viktor was spooned up to him, and his answering chuckle ruffled Yuuri’s hair.

“Goodnight, Yuuri.”

“Goodnight, Viktor,” Yuuri answered, and discovered that it was becoming easier and easier to fall asleep with Viktor’s limbs heavy over his own.

When Yuuri woke, he’d rolled onto his back, and Viktor was laying on his side, curled in a semicircle around Yuuri’s body. He had his nose in Yuuri’s hair, an arm around his chest, and when Yuuri turned his head to look at Viktor’s face, he was smiling, eyes closed, breathing slow.

“Are you awake?” Yuuri asked quietly, even though he thought the answer was yes.

“Yeah,” said Viktor. He readjusted himself under the blankets.

“Your feet are cold!”

Viktor laughed like he knew exactly what he was doing, and stuck his feet higher up on Yuuri’s leg, on the back of his calf. Yuuri kicked his legs away and Viktor retaliated by shoving his hands, equally freezing, up Yuuri’s chest.

“Hey!” Yuuri bowled Viktor over, rolling the two of them so he was on top, trapping Viktor’s hands against the pillows. Viktor immediately stopped fighting back, going still under him and sucking in a deep breath. “Oh,” Yuuri said, when he caught the way Viktor’s face flushed, the way his legs parted slightly. “So you’re into this?”

“I must be,” Viktor said, straining in Yuuri’s grip, just a little. “I like the reminder of how strong you are.”

Yuuri had never considered himself to be strong—athletic, maybe, but it wasn’t like he did any heavy lifting. Viktor could probably escape from under Yuuri anyway, but he acted like Yuuri had him captive and it was *turning him on*.

Yuuri bowed his head to kiss Viktor, not releasing his wrists. Viktor kissed back happily, and both of them tasted like morning breath but neither cared much. “You look cute in the morning,” Yuuri said. Viktor’s hair was ruffled and his eyes still looked a little bit tired around the edges.

"Ridiculous," Viktor said, "I look tired in the mornings." His accent was heavier when he was sleepy; Yuuri had heard it this way before after long days of practice when both of them were worn out, or nights when Viktor dragged him out drinking.

"And it's cute," Yuuri countered, letting go of Viktor's wrists so he could run his fingertips over Viktor's cheekbones and the wrinkles under his eyes. "You're lovely." He was more than that, he was *breathhtaking*, and Yuuri was beginning to think he would never stop being amazed at how beautiful Viktor was—and how much more beautiful he was up close. Here, he could see the faint blue of the veins in Viktor's wrists, the softness of his lips, the striated green and blue in his eyes.

Viktor wound a hand around the back of Yuuri's neck and pulled him in for another kiss. They let it linger in the way only a morning-after kiss could, slow and deliberate, well-practiced, because they remembered each others' bodies so vividly.

"Yuuri," Viktor said, when they parted after a long moment, "still going to fuck me?"

"Oh, um, if you want me to."

Viktor smiled and kissed Yuuri's lips again in an affirmation. "Yes," he said when he pulled back, and Yuuri grinned and cuddled close to him for a second.

"I'm excited," he admitted, even though Viktor could probably feel his heart racing already. Only half of that was excitement—the other half was panic, because, "...I've never done that before."

"Well, you'll need to let me up," Viktor said, nosing at Yuuri's jaw, "I have to get something out of my luggage."

Yuuri went red and scrambled off him, because he wasn't hopeless enough to have any doubts about what Viktor was getting from his suitcase. It was also a little funny to watch Viktor sort through his things in the nude, without any trace of self-consciousness. "You brought that with you?" Yuuri

said, when Viktor procured a box of condoms and a tube with a flowery script on it that Yuuri couldn't read with or without his glasses.

"Of course I did! I knew you would seduce me," Viktor said, climbing back into bed.

"Are you serious?"

"No, I just brought them," Viktor explained, tucking the both of them under the blankets again, because the room hadn't quite warmed up yet, despite the heater kicking on, and neither had their bodies, despite their proximity. Yuuri discovered the solution to that was easy, though, and he pulled Viktor close to him, kissing him and running his warm hands all over Viktor's body. Viktor's hands and feet were still chilly, and it made Yuuri gasp when he felt a cold hand on the small of his back, this time not entirely unpleasant.

Eventually, they were warm enough that Viktor kicked the comforter down and sat up a little, taking Yuuri with him. Yuuri was on his knees over Viktor, legs spread across Viktor's lap, one hand curled in Viktor's hair to pull his head back so Yuuri could kiss him, going from firm to sloppy as soon as Viktor started groping his ass. Both of them were hard, but making little effort to initiate contact beyond the incidental.

"Yuuri, help me get ready for you," Viktor said, urging Yuuri off his lap and sorting around in the blankets for where he'd lost the lube.

"I-I-I don't know how—" Yuuri cut himself off helplessly, gesturing with his hands in a way that explained nothing.

"It's alright," Viktor said, "I just want you to touch me, please."

"Oh?" said Yuuri, "do you?"

"Please," Viktor said again, and if he noticed the way Yuuri jumped a little at the snap of the lube bottle opening, he didn't comment.

Yuuri, because he was no good at denying Viktor anything, tipped Viktor's head to the side and kissed his neck thoroughly, all the way from his jawline to his collarbone, while Viktor slicked his fingers and sank back on them, moaning breathlessly for Yuuri while he opened himself up. "You do this so well," Yuuri said, pressing his cock against Viktor's hip, shifting slightly against him. Viktor was impressively sexy, especially considering how unsexy the act had been on the few occasions Yuuri had done this to himself while he masturbated.

Viktor hitched his hips forward so his cock pressed against Yuuri's, flushed down his chest, his hand on Yuuri's hip warmed up with the heat of their bodies coming together. Yuuri continued to kiss Viktor all over his neck and shoulders, rubbing gentle circles on his back with one hand while the other caressed Viktor's thigh.

Yuuri considered himself a patient man, but it felt like *hours* before Viktor finally gasped, "I'm ready for you, fuck me," in Yuuri's ear. Those words snapped Yuuri to attention, and he backed away, glancing around the messy bed.

"Where'd you put them?" he asked.

Viktor, who'd swooned a little once Yuuri wasn't standing there and holding him up, grabbed Yuuri's shoulder to keep himself steady. "Where'd I put what?" he asked.

"The condoms," Yuuri explained, still sifting through blankets when Viktor tapped the box against his arm in answer. "We should have done this first," Yuuri said, his fingers clumsy as he sorted through the box and fumbled one of the little foil packets open.

There was a moment then, where they just held each other, Yuuri's hand tracing down Viktor's lower back, fingers teasing inside of him, and Viktor's still-slick fingers wrapping around Yuuri's cock, stroking him, thumb playing over the head like he wasn't desperate to be fucked. Yuuri could see the truth in the way Viktor's opposite hand shook, and in the shortness of his breaths against Yuuri's cheek.

“How do you want it?” Yuuri asked, and Viktor’s shaking hand gripped tight to his hip.

“I don’t care how, I just want it,” Viktor said, “and I want to see your face while you fuck me.”

Yuuri spared a glance to judge the distance between them and the headboard, and, once he’d determined Viktor wouldn’t crack his head, he took Viktor’s thighs in both of his hands, pulling hard so he could tip Viktor onto his back. Viktor fell onto the pillows with a soft “oof!” and, once he recovered, glanced up at Yuuri, biting his lip and lowering his lashes like Yuuri was the one who needed seducing.

“How’s this?”

“Perfect,” Viktor said, spreading his legs for Yuuri. He was a mess, flushed and hard, a smear of lube on his thigh, his hair strewn over the pillows, hickies smattered across his neck.

Yuuri stayed up on his knees, hands on each of Viktor’s pale thighs, cock sliding against Viktor’s once, twice, before going lower and—*fuck*. Even with just the head of his cock inside, Yuuri felt like he was about to come. He squeezed his eyes shut and didn’t let his breath out until he had slid all the way inside Viktor, the fronts of his thighs flush with Viktor’s legs.

He peeled his eyes open to make sure Viktor was alright, and Viktor seemed more than, his arms thrown over his head, eyes fixed on Yuuri’s face, and he wasn’t quite smiling, but his dimple was there. Viktor said something in Russian, then, in what was hopefully a translation, “feels good. Yuuri, move.”

Yuuri moved his hips just a little, and at first, he worried, because Viktor was so damn *tight*, it had to hurt, but Viktor moaned and whined like everything felt amazing, and Yuuri started to fuck him with more rhythm, breathing hard like every breath was too heavy to drag all the way out of his chest.

He had a sudden, invasive realization that if it hadn't been for the triplets posting that video of him skating Viktor's routine, he wouldn't have Viktor opening up for him like this, wouldn't be fucking his biggest crush and the man he loved in a hotel bed in China, a silver medal gleaming on the vanity across the room.

"Are you alright?" Viktor asked.

"F-fine."

"You just—*oh*—slowed down, so I thought I'd—ah, *ah, Yuuri!*"

He could tell Viktor how sappy he'd gotten later, for now, he just wanted to make Viktor feel amazing. He held Viktor's thighs so tight he was sure he was leaving marks, listening to every order of faster, harder, like that, yes, *more*.

Both of them were beyond the limits of the English language after a while, trading dirty talk and praises in their native languages despite the other not knowing a word. Even though Viktor had lived in Japan for a while, Yuuri hoped no one had ever said anything to him that was as filthy as everything he told Viktor, his words harsh, clipped, hissed around the rise and fall of his breath.

Eventually, Yuuri leaned forward so he could kiss Viktor, but the kisses devolved into leaning their foreheads together, after accidentally bumping teeth one too many times.

"Yuuri," Viktor said, pushing back so he could fuck himself harder on Yuuri's cock, "Yuuri, I'm close."

"Me too," Yuuri said. Viktor grinned at him, and their forehead slipped against each other's, both of them sweaty. Yuuri pushed harder and Viktor was so tight around him, he had to be doing that on purpose.

"Mm! Touch me, Yuuri," Viktor said in his ear, kissing his jaw and wrapping an arm around his waist. Yuuri leaned back a little so he could fit his hand between the two of them, stroking Viktor's cock, smearing pre

around the head of it with his thumb. This time, he didn't miss Viktor's face as he came, eyes rolled up, completely overcome, and it made everything in Yuuri go warm. He wanted this forever, he wanted *Viktor*, he felt like he was being pulled closer to him every second—or maybe that was just Viktor's arms around him.

Viktor's legs tightened around Yuuri's hips. "Keep going," he said, "I want to feel you come in me."

"But you already, um."

Viktor squirmed against him, trying to get him to move. "I know," he said, "I still want to feel it."

Yuuri was gentler with him now, not only for Viktor's sake but for his own. It only took the softest of touches to bring him off now, eyes closed and head tipped back, Viktor's hands on his chest, his right palm just over Yuuri's racing heart.

After, they lazed around in bed far too late, Yuuri combing Viktor's hair with his fingers, Viktor's smooth back to his front. Eventually, Viktor pulled Yuuri's hand away from his hair, tipping his head so he could kiss his knuckles. "Yuuri," Viktor said, the words whispered against his skin.

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"I know."

Author's Note:

The best way to end something is to Han-Solo your way out. Visit me @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula for more gay sk8er bois